



# BELFAST

THE CITY OF BELFAST IS A CITY OF CONTRASTS. IT IS A CITY OF TRADITION AND MODERNITY, OF HISTORY AND FUTURE. IT IS A CITY OF CONTRASTS, OF HISTORY AND FUTURE. IT IS A CITY OF CONTRASTS, OF HISTORY AND FUTURE.

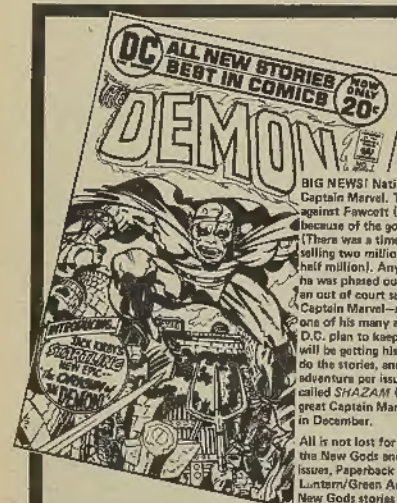
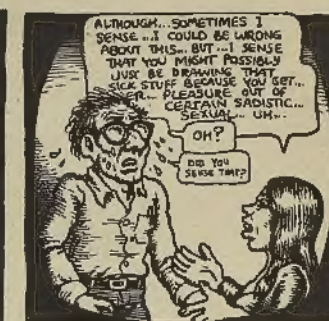
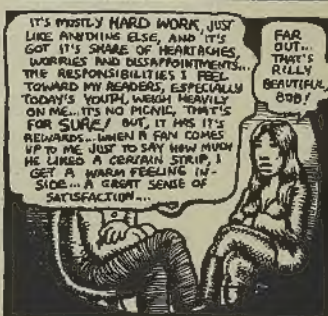
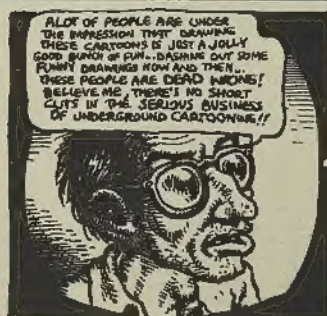
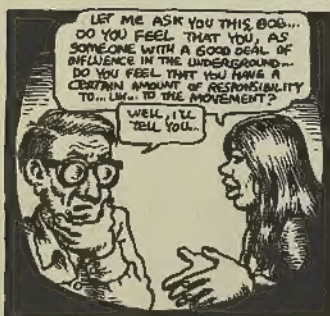


HEY GANG... LET'S PRETEND WE'RE WATCHING T.V. AND IT'S TIME FOR...

# UNDERGROUND Hotline

YES, IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN FOR THE SHOW THAT FILLS YOU IN ON WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE NEW TURNED-ON FREAK-OUT ALTERNATIVE CULTURE! SO LET'S MEET OUR HIP HOTLINE HOSTESS, LARK CLARK!!

DRAWN BY THE BE LUG PUBLISHED BY CRUNCH



BIG NEWS! National (D.C.) now own the copyright to produce Captain Marvel. This seems ironic as D.C. once had a low-suit against Fawcett ("The Big Red Cheese") original publisher) because of the good Captain's resemblance to Superman. (There was a time in the early 40's when Captain Marvel was selling two million copies per month to Superman's one and a half million). Anyway, much to the unhappiness of many fans he was phased out of existence by extensive legal action—in an out of court settlement, Fawcett agreed to stop producing Captain Marvel rather than being killed off honourably by one of his many arch-foes. However, it does look as though D.C. plan to keep him much the same as before, since they will be getting his original artist, C.C.Beck, among others, to do the stories, and they'll be reprinting one golden age adventure per issue. All this will be happening in a magazine called SHAZAM the word Billy Batson shouted to become the great Captain Marvel), which should be released in the States in December.

All is not lost for Kirby's Fourth World series. Although both the New Gods and the Forever People finish with their eleventh issues, Paperback Library (who published the first two Lantern/Green Arrow books) will be reprinting the first few New Gods stories in over-sized paperback editions, and if those sell well then they'll soon be using new material. The third book of the tetralogy, Mr.Miracle, will continue, but will gradually phase out the Fourth World connections. But Kirby is like a Hydra—shop off two heads and two more will grow in their place. O.K. You guessed it—two more may be coming from those talented hands. First off there's the Demon, a sort of super-natural/superhero type, then there's Kamandi, the Last Boy on Earth, and judging by the cover it looks rather "Planet of the Ape"-ish.

BY Nick Landau.

# krunch!

Once again D.C.'s legal department has scored. National now has the rights to produce a Shadow comic. The Shadow was, if you can remember that far back, that mysterious cloaked crimefighter of the pulp and radio era of the 30's. And the scheduled artist is Berni Wrightson—master of the macabre pencils. Oh yes, and Berni is also working on the Swamp Thing which is perhaps yet another version of the 40's Hillman HEAP, which has been reincarnated by both Skywald and Marvel in the past couple of years. But then, if Berni's at the pencils...

Not so much Marvel news this time, but I have a feeling that if I left any out I'd be pulped and turned into a comic. Apparently Gulliver Jones is being dropped from Creatures on the Loose; if you've never seen the strip then you're one of the lucky ones—a likely replacement seems to be Thorogor, Lin Carter's barbarian hero (but then again, who isn't a barbarian hero nowadays). The Beast too, currently appearing in Amazing Adventures, is going to have the carpet pulled from under his feet. He will be superseded by a Neal Adams/Gil Kane collaboration on H.G.Well's WAR OF THE WORLDS. Sounds intriguing! O.K. then, pulp me, there's no more Marvel news.

On the distribution front things seem to be quiet, and this is a good sign. The August Marvels should be in by now and all the D.C.'s came out at the right time. Seems that as soon as the American dockers have called off their strike then the British are at it. Sometimes, being a comic collector can be very frustrating...

NEXT ISSUE: News on where you can get those undistributed Marvels, and D.C.'s six months before they reach England. Also a report on the fan scene in Britain, it's fanzines and COMICON '72.



## DEAR IT:

The following thoughts were promoted into a written form by Jonathan Green's review of "Watch Out Kids" and I'm sending them to you to use as a letter, an article, bogpaper or anything else you may find them useful for.

The basic problem at present facing the 'underground', 'alternative society' or whatever you like to call it seems to be one of direction. Where do we go from here? At the moment stagnation appears to have set in. Small freak communities exist in most cities and large towns, centred round headshops, alternative magazines, arts labs, etc. etc. This has now been the same for several years with no apparent progression. A few people seem satisfied with this state of affairs but I think the majority involved are becoming cynical or disillusioned and are either giving up or turning to actively vicarious violence as the only answer. The only exception to these appears to be the rise of eco-action groups and my experience of these tends to suggest that they eventually dissolve into political bickering between the few with dogmatic ideologies whilst those who joined to do something leave in disgust. Below I would like to suggest a few tentative ideas on what we could try to do next to inject some life back into a complacent and static scene.

To begin with I think we must venture out from our small freak communities and see what effect we can have on communities in general. This has already been done by many New Left groups without much success but this is I feel due to their insistence on imposing a rigid and sectarian political ideology on everything and everybody, which is something we do not want to do, do we? Surely what we want is for people to take control of the communities they live in, the factories and work places they spend most of their time in and run them themselves. To achieve a start towards this I think we should follow the section of the American movement which has gone into local politics, with some success, notably in Ann Arbor, and Berkeley. The democratic system for local communities is nowhere near as dominated by the big political parties as the national government, and there is no reason why we should not learn to use it to our advantage. After all that is theoretically what it is there for.

Whether we could or should infiltrate and democratise the Labour or Liberal parties is another matter as unlike the American Democratic and Republican parties, British political parties have strong ideological bases. However, the success of the American movement with George McGovern and the ousting of Daley and his ilk provide a pointer as to what could be done. Certainly I think we should attempt to get representation in local councils both by putting up our own candidates and by supporting those sympathetic towards us as many of the younger Labour and Liberal candidates and councillors are. We can't complain that local democracy does not work until we have given it a try. Opposition to Thatcher's education plans both with regard to school milk and comprehensive and the planned opposition to the Fair Rents Bill show that a council with strong community support can go directly against the national government. This sort of approach would give us a new

## LETTERS



116 West Fourteenth Street, New York City 10011

## MOBSTER TIMES



crime does pay

Bloom Ltd,  
65 Chalk Farm Road  
London, N.W.1, England

Hey assholes.

We realize you're all into the high-paying field of publishing rip-offs by the mere fact of you're putting out an 'underground' publication. And the fact is, we at MOBSTER TIMES understand getting ripped off since our motto is "Crime Does Pay". But you shiteheads could at least give us some fucking credit when you steal an entire article and snippets of others. After all, there is "honor among thieves!" Paul "the heater" Riley spent a lot of time and effort on that piece and who the fuck are you to just pick it up without saying who you got it from, where, and who Paul Riley is. You're so typically bullshit "revolutionary" it slays us.

If this happens again we're going to have to send one of our boys across the ocean to fuck up your offices. You could at least have said that "How Would You Like to Break Into the High-Paying Field of Professional Murder" came from Issue #1 of MOBSTER TIMES and that besides being the very first pro-crime publication in the world we are also published bi-monthly and are available at 2 pounds 20 pence the subscription. English limericks can send their International Money Orders for that amount or \$6 to: MOBSTER TIMES, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011, U.S.A.

Remember Bloody Sunday.

hello - you've had it!

Jim "The Blade" Buckley  
Steve "Punk Kid" Heller  
Paul "The Heater" Riley

Jim

aut

direction without the necessity of us employing the futility of violence or the authoritarianism of the New Left.

The other area which we could perhaps move into is that of education. If as Jonathan Green writes in his review of "Watch Out Kids", we want 'the education of the next generation towards attitudes that will rule out the need for an alternative' then we must do something positive towards this end. It won't happen of itself or because lots of people say and write that it is a good idea. We must actually see that it is done and the only way to do that is to do it ourselves. We must do it through the education of our own children, through the setting up of free schools like the one in Liverpool, through youth centres and personal contact, through the media in the form of c. mics, magazines, music, local radio and local television and finally we must, if we really want it to happen, do it through the education system as it now is, as this is where the indoctrination of children into the ideals of present society take place. We must follow the Michael Duane's and Chris Searle's into the schools and try and put our ideas into practice. It will be very difficult and there will be much opposition but it is the only way to achieve what we want.

I hope the above is of some interest to you.

CHRIS TOBIN

14 Wrigley's Close, Formby,  
Liverpool L37 7DT

## DEAR IT:

Could you please help us! We need any books on religion, mysticism, etc. for our people who are in jail and concentration camps for dope. Postage, Green Shield and Co-op stamps will help too—so would money but you need it too!

Peace & love

BUNNY CREIGHTON  
'Bold as Love', 80 Northbrook  
Street, Belfast BT9 6DJ

## DEAR IT:

We are looking urgently for more people to live in full-time as helpers (with free board but without pay) in a special therapeutic community we have just set up. The community is centred around the need which one girl has, for a secure and stable group of people whom she can relate to in an ongoing way for a 3 to 4 month period. She is a person who has suffered exceptional psychological destruction; out of terror, she developed an almost completely total split in her being, and spent the first 24 years of her life effectively isolated from human contact, relating to other people only from a false front.

The helpers will need to be able to do things like cooking, shopping etc., as well as being there for contact and emotional support. They are likely to have an experience of very real and honest, and probably quite warm contact, both with the girl we are helping, and with one another.

We would be most grateful if you could publish our letter and we ask anyone who would be able and willing to help us to please write to me as soon as possible at: 82 Acra Lane, London SW2 5ON. If possible they should give a phone number where they can be reached.

Yours sincerely

AUSTIN MURPHY





Photographs by Mike McQueen (Black Box)

## FRENDZ-Still Kickin!

LONDON:—Despite numerous rumours to the contrary, *Frendz* is still very much alive and well. What has been going down at *Frendz* towers during the last few weeks is just a culmination of what most of the underground press is undergoing and the problems are ones that we all have to face up to. What it comes down to is a lack of control—over printing, over distribution, which combined with a shortage of the green stuff results in continual problems. We decided at *Frendz* to have a complete rethink about our ideas of running a paper and see if we couldn't come up with some sort of solution which would make sure not only that *Frendz* would survive but also that it would expand.

To keep the paper three things were needed, the most important being money. So we decided to concentrate some of our energies in raising money. Not by asking for loans and that sort of thing because that's a very shortsighted method anyway; by making plans to generate money ourselves we could at the same time expand the role of the paper.

We are expanding our mail order business to include as many good quality things that we could get hold of which were either cheap or unavailable generally. This we reasoned would provide a steady source of income as well as generating some bread for other projects. We are also setting up a publishing company which will be bringing out, among other things, a British version of the *Whole Earth Catalogue* called *The*

*Great British Catalogue*. So much for the finances.

From now on *Frendz* will be coming out monthly, and wait for it, will only cost 70p. Yes, folks, despite rising production costs the kamikaze staff of *Frendz* are putting their balls on the line one more time. We're gambling that people still want our paper and that our sales can keep things together until early next year when we will be coming out fortnightly again.

As well as this we are doing a costing on getting a printing press and planning to open a bookshop downstairs at *Frendz* towers.

All these plans are just one attempt at a solution to the problems which the national underground press have been suffering from since it started five years ago. What we are into creating is some sort of national structure of distribution and information flow which will assure some kind of lasting cooperation within the various alternative structures in this country.

Meantime, if you want to help then make sure you get *Frendz*; if your newsagent hasn't got it tell him to get in touch with us. Our address is *Frendz*, 307 Portobello Road, London W.10, and our telephone number is (01) 969 5557.

If things don't work out it's not for lack of trying.

(Yet another small masterpiece by the flying fiddle fingers of John May!)

## MUSIC FAIRIES TOGETHER..

LONDON:—It seems that a new Pink Fairies Band, minus Paul Rudolph (with the mighty MAM Agency backing them up) will make their first live appearance at London's Lyceum on 27th August. Taking over on guitar is Mick Wayne, formerly with Juniors Eyes. The rest of the band remains the same: Duncan Sanderson, bass guitar; and Russell Hunter, drums.

Grapevine rumours have it that Rudolph will soon have his new band together, with former Fairy Twink on drums, and ex Move, Bulls and Airforce guitarist Trevor Burton.

## ..AND YOU?

LONDON:—Due to the great lack of presentable, representative, and communicative bands, and because of the ever-growing abundance of unemployed, lazy, drug-crazed musicians, this 'ere publication will start (as from next issue) a free advertising service, with the eventual aim and hope that more of you lazy bastards will rise of yer arses, find and join each other with intentions of playing music for us freaks to get off on.

Ladbroke Grove (as ever) is a good example of this ever-increasing lethargic condition that is spreading like clap through you fuckers. Down the Grove there has to be a good 300-odd cats who play instruments, but there ain't not one goddamned band

to represent what's going down. Not one. The Grove 'seems' to point towards trends throughout the country, and we bunch of rock lovers are finding it increasingly difficult to find/see any emergence of good inspiring rock music coming out of ANY town.

Hawkwind, Pink Fairies, and before them the Deviants, have all proved it can be done, there is this great demanding need for bands who will work within their community, to help foot the bills for arts labs, u/s press, busts, projects, etc; cause, believe me, the only real bread winners in our developing culture are the rock band and the dope dealer, and no fucking way does the dope dealer ever come across with the readies.

You musicians start something soon, cause there's lots of work to be done, and there are many good, hard-working people in various spheres who need to be sparked off into working out their own worthwhile projects, with hopefully the eventual aim of total togetherness, strength, and a culture that is a force not to be taken lightly.

So please, don't be shy of a 3p stamp, write to: The Free Musical Communications Corner, c/o IT, 11b Warrilour Mews, London W1A 4PF. Feel free to advertise yourself, your guitar, amplifiers, rehearsal rooms, names and addresses of agencies, ready-formed bands who can't find work, benefit gigs (only), unusual group practices, in fact absolutely anything to do with the development of peoples music within our society with aims of strengthening it.

We've taken the initiative to start this service, with the use of this media, kindly do something about it.

DQSS.

## Anti Motorway March

NEWCASTLE:—The police (thought so much of Soc'ism's latest march in Newcastle on the last Saturday of June that they decided not to be represented among the shaggy band of protesters.

Instead, two traffic wardens did the officiating as the column moved off from Exhibition Park in the direction of the city centre.

This time, the march was competing with the Hoppings on the Town Moor but again, about 200 people braved the indifference and hostility of shoppers.

However, some 2,000 leaflets with map showing the projected routes of the motorways and suitable snide comments about planning for cars rather than people, were distributed during the march, giving many poor souls their first look at the shape of things to come. The great failure of the day was the lack of response by the trade unions to an appeal to join the demonstrators.

Among those who refused their invitation were ASTMS, Clive Jenkins' boys; NUPE, the public employees; the NUS with about two notable exceptions and even some busmen who wouldn't let the pre-march posters into their depot.

Perhaps it was a bit much to hope that the first motorway march in Britain to have widespread union support would occur in Newcastle.

(Muther Grumble/UPS)



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# LONDON SHOCK-'NO GO' AREA!



**LONDON**— The Colville and Tavistock districts of Notting Hill have been declared "no-go" areas to property speculators.

A meeting last month called by the housing group of the Notting Hill Peoples Association, drew over 300 local people who voted unanimously for direct action in defense of their homes. Street committees and squatting groups are being set up, the former to gather information on property developments in their neighbourhood, the latter to occupy houses to be auctioned and deter prospective buyers. In addition an emergency task squad to fight attempted evictions has been formed. The first call, albeit a false alarm, got 70 people out at very short notice.

A mass demonstration is being planned as the start of a full scale attack on council housing policies. Residents feel that Kensington and Chelsea council are content to stand by as working class families are forced out of the district; they continue to dole out improvement grants to private landlords, ignoring the fact that tenants in most cases cannot afford the "improved" rents; they refuse to serve compulsory purchase orders on houses which are grossly mismanaged, and they insist that the council-financed Notting Hill Housing Trust (the major provider of low rent housing in the area) compete on the open market and buy houses at current spiralling prices (over £50,000 is being asked for houses in Ladbroke Grove).

There was a recent, well publicised, squat in a Powis Square house due to be sold for conversion. The housing group and local residents attended

the auction and gave out alternative brochures describing the defects of the house, the determination of the tenants not to be moved and explaining that the house was a focal point in the campaign to halt the advance of speculators. The house was bought by the Trust five minutes before the start of the auction.

The fight against the housing profiteers may appear, in retrospect, to have been doomed in much the same way as Canute's "holding back the sea" number. Mr. Arthur Lawrence, a well known and reviled local estate agent, estimates that 6,000 "middle and upper income bracket" families will move into luxury converted flats in W10, W11 and W12 within a year. "They will soon outnumber the poorer hangers on who will leave voluntarily as they realise that this is no longer the area of grotty bedsits they could once afford. Let's face it, most of these bedsits were depressing places, these people will be better off out of them."

The only point on which he and the housing group agree is that low-rent accommodation is fast disappearing.

In 1967 the average rent of unconverted flats was £4.50

In 1972 the average rent of converted flats is £14.50

BUT the flats today are 2/3 of the size they were 5 years ago

(Info: Peoples Association)

Lawrence's figures are just as disturbing—the smallest of these 6,000 "first-class" flats (one bedroom) will sell for £7,000. A four bedroomed flat will set you back £30,000 and the average sale price will be £18,000.

Meanwhile, Lawrence is concerned by what he calls a

"campaign of illegal action against estate agents and property buyers in North Kensington."

He complains that his offices (315 Westbourne Park Road, W11. 01-727-3025) have been completely covered in anti-speculator posters, his windows smashed, his doors kicked in. Landlords have been personally vilified in slogans painted on their property, house auctions disrupted and prospective buyers harassed. In his capacity as head of the Landlords Protection Association, he has had talks with local police who, he says, are keeping a close watch for illegal forms of protest. He also plans to combine with local estate agents to offer a large reward "possibly in four figures" for any information leading to the arrest of militants acting illegally.

It would appear that war has been declared.



## And the rest -

**BIRMINGHAM**— The saga of the Villa Cross raids reported last issue continues. Two raids on the pub on 24th and 25th May resulted in 14 young West Indian men being charged with possession of cannabis. The 5 arrested on 25th were almost all out on bail within a few days, but the 9 were repeatedly remanded in custody for periods averaging about 14 days each.

An article by John Plummer in the July issue of Race Today echoed the doubts raised in IT about the conduct of the police in this case. Support has been forthcoming from the Action Centre workers and the Afro-Caribbean Self Help

Organisation of Handsworth, and defence lawyers have been found. The spectre of conspiracy was brought up by the police when opposing bail for the 9 but no such charge has been formally made—yet. The trial of the 5 is on Monday 24 July and of the 9 on Friday 28th. Regardless of the guilt or innocence of those arrested, the direct provocation offered by the style of the raids and the police handling of the affair has left a bad taste in the mouth of Handsworth's black community.

A recent pamphlet "Black Book of the Political Police in Britain" suggests that there is a "Special Patrol Group" in action in Birmingham. SPGs are mobile and very heavy units and have done over certain areas in London recently, apparently to the annoyance of local police. The "Black Book" offers no evidence but the style of the Villa Cross raids accords with reports received from London. (Grapevine/UPS)

**STOCKPORT**— The story below is true. Only the names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

Location: Trendy 'hip' store in Stockport.

After wandering about for some time a group of three young people from Manchester had made some trivial purchases and left. Outside, and waiting unsuccessfully for a bus back to town, they noticed the long-haired proprietor looking at them.

Minutes later, having decided to try their luck at the next stop, they walked away. One glanced back and saw the shopowner, camera in hand, photographing away.

When they demanded an explanation they were informed that they were "suspicious characters", and that if the shop was broken into these were "three of the first" photographs he'd show to the police. Pointing to the youngest of the 3, a 24 year old boy, he went on, "He's the suspicious one. I saw him looking at my burglar alarm," and continued to talk of his good reputation which he didn't want to lose. (Good reputation with whom, one could ask?).

The above exchange rather implied that customers to this shop are, if deemed "undesirable" likely to find themselves on a photographic dossier for the police. An "undesirable" in the proprietor's own words: "I don't like people who wander round my shop for a long time and don't buy anything." Window-shoppers too are "suspicious" apparently.

Of course, our friendly shopkeeper was not aware that these hippy undesirables were involved with a Manchester headshop. Otherwise the blatant profit motivation ("buy fast and get out") with perhaps dossiers on antisocial elements who don't conform, would not have been made so clear.

M.D.

**TYNESIDE**: A total of 31 policemen in the Northumberland Constabulary have now been trained in the use of C.S. riot gas.

Initially, some 14 were trained to use this evil substance but last year a fresh batch of 17 had to put on their gas masks prior to spraying imaginary rioters and demonstrators in the North-East.



# NIXON'S PROMISED LAND



## LATE NEWS DEPT.

WASHINGTON (LNS):—At 12.59 Friday morning, May 19 of this year, a powerful explosive device damaged a section of the Pentagon. The Washington Post had received a phone call 17 minutes earlier warning that the bomb would go off. The caller identified himself as a member of the Weather underground.

The bomb exploded in a restroom on the fourth floor, shattering plumbing, causing a ceiling to cave in, knocking a 30 foot section of wall into a hallway and breaking windows in adjoining offices. No one was injured.

The Air Force Data Services Centre located on the first floor received by far the costliest damage. The Centre houses millions of dollars worth of computer equipment. It began to be flooded at about two in the afternoon when water from broken pipes and Pentagon fire equipment cascaded through the ceiling. All computer operations were halted. Extensive damage was done to computer equipment power lines in the Centre and to the adjoining tape library containing highly classified defence and security information.

Pentagon officials have attempted to minimize the extent of damage to the

computer and records sections. The bombing took place following a week of peoples lobby protest demonstrations in Washington. On Monday, May 22, the next working day at the Pentagon, a People's Blockade of the defence headquarters turned into a bloody confrontation between demonstrators and police, and resulted in 225 arrests.

The following excerpt is from the communique issued by the Weather underground shortly after the explosion:

**WEATHER UNDERGROUND No. 12, MAY 19, 1972, THE 87th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF HO CHI MINH**

After many years of fighting foreign invaders—Japan, France and the United States—the Vietnamese are now moving toward the total liberation of their country. The massive offensive organized by the Vietnamese people has shattered the Nixon strategy of "Vietnamization" and freed thousands of people from the South Vietnamese detention centres, disrupting

what the arrogant whites call the Rural Pacification Programme. Large sections of the countryside have again been liberated by the National Liberation Front.

It has become clear to everyone that the Thieu regime and the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) would collapse within a matter of days without US air and naval power. Today we attack the Pentagon, the centre of the American military command. We are acting at a time when growing US air and naval shelling are being carried out against the Vietnamese, while U.S. mines and warships are used to blockade the harbours of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; while plans for even more escalation are being made in Washington.

## Stars and Nixon

SAN CLEMENTE (LNS):—Decked out in a red, white and blue outfit (white shirt with a blue tie and a maroon jacket) in

honour of Independence Day 1972, President Nixon, in a radio broadcast from the Western White House on July 4, issued an "unprecedented invitation to the world" to visit the United States during the nation's 200th birthday.

Calling upon "millions and millions of visitors from every corner of the globe" to "flood" the country in 1976, the president expressed hope that "business and industry can expand their present efforts to bring the costs of travel, lodging and meals within the reach of millions of additional visitors." Nixon especially appealed to ship and airlines to "continue exploring new ways of offering inexpensive transportation to and from this country."

Whether the millions of Americans listening to the president's speech—those unable to afford decent housing, keep up with transportation hikes and eat on a daily welfare allowance of \$1.50—could get in on Nixon's generous invitation is a question up for grabs.

## What a Drag

MIAMI (UPS):—A federal court has thrown out a Miami Beach ordinance making it illegal to wear drag.

The law against female impersonation was killed June 22 in a suit brought by the National Coalition of Gay Organisations

and the Miami Gay Activists Alliance. The court, saying the law was unconstitutionally vague, issued a permanent injunction against it.

## Kinney knocked for \$33,000

NEW YORK:—Paperback Library, a division of Kinney Corp., has given Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders, a \$33,000 advance for a quickie book on the conventions. It should be out Sept 30.

Sanders is also under contract for his own book on the conventions, and Abbie and Jerry are currently in New York negotiating with other publishers.

The three are prominent figures among the Yippies of the Youth International Party, who are organizing around the conventions with the theme "Ten Days to Change the World" (July 10-14 and Aug 21-24). On June 15, however, the Yippies announced in Miami Beach that they would forego the first five days, focusing instead on the Republican convention.

Miami?





# A LAUGHING SPAM FRITTER (Sorry Mr Endell)

an amount of spam  
8 ozs flour  
1 egg of hen  
salt  
½ pint cows milk  
2 tablespoons oil

Sift flour and salt into a basin and make a well, into which you break the egg and pour on the milk. Gradually incorporate the flour until beaten to a smooth mixture. Mix in the oil and allow to stand for about 1 hour. Slice the spam into 1/8" thick slices, dip into the batter mix and fry in deep hot fat till crispy brown.

## THE CARROT (ROOT & SEED)

Botanical name: *Daucus carota*  
Common names: Garden Carrot, Bees Nest Plant, Birds Nest Root, Wild Carrot

If carrots were used more extensively as a vegetable, they would prove of great benefit to mankind. Patients are often put on the carrot diet for a short period for cancer, liver, kidney and bladder troubles. They are very useful in dropsy, gravel, painful urination, to increase the menstrual flow, and in expelling worms from the bowels. Grated carrots make an excellent poultice for ulcers, abscesses, carbuncles, scrofulous and cancerous sores, and bad wounds. The seeds of carrots ground to powder, and taken as tea relieves colic and increases flow of urine. Carrot blossoms, used as a tea, are most effective as a remedy for dropsy. It will very often effect a cure when all other means have failed.

(Jibbed from "Back to Eden" by Jethro Kloss)

## MOCK- COKE

With cocaine peeking at £22 a gram here's your 'ol uncles recipe for the do-it-yourself bathtub stuff



1 tsp boracic powder  
10 codeine tablets  
1 tsp of Harpic  
4 tspns of talcum powder

Crush codeine tablets with a small hammer then chop to fine powder with razor blade. Slowly add the other ingredients, chopping as you go. This should give roughly ½ oz of good legal nose bleeding stuff. If you want an additional rush add amphetamine sulphate or bad acid, although this, of course, makes the mixture ILLEGAL.

When you've made it pass it round amongst your status seeking chums, but don't come trying to sell it to me or I'll kill you.

A similar effect to the one provided by this mixture can be achieved by smashing your head against the wall four or five times in quick succession.

## VANILLA SAUCE

1½ cups milk (12 ozs)  
½ vanilla pod or ½ tspoon vanilla essence  
1 tablespoon sugar  
½ tspoon cornflour  
1 egg  
½ cup (4 ozs) cream, if desired

Bring milk to boil with vanilla in it. Mix cornflour with some cold milk, add to the boiling milk and bring back to the boil. Beat egg and sugar together, add a little hot milk, stirring all the time. Pour back into pan, stir well and bring again to near boiling point. If cream is desired then whip it and mix with sauce.

## SOPORIFIC TEAS (REPLACEMENT FOR MANDRAX)

No 1 Lemon Peel Tea (Peel of 1 Lemon for 2 cups tea)

Wash and dry lemon well, pare outer yellow skin with potato peeler. Pour boiling water over this, allow to steep for 5 minutes, strain. Add a little honey or brown sugar. Drink before going to sleep.

No 2 Red Bergamot (Gold Melissa) *Monarda Didyma*

Pour boiling water over the herb, allow to steep for 5 minutes. Strain, sweeten with brown sugar or honey if desired. Drink before going to sleep.

No 3 Your Doctors Seconal Tea

Score a script off your doctor for a few dozen secenal, break open the caps of an amount you'd like to get brained on, mix with a solution containing 3 parts gin and 1 part water. Allow to steep for 15 seconds not to be sweetened. To be gulped in one shot.

No 4 Orange Blossom

Boil 2-3 blossoms for 2-3 minutes in a cup of water. Allow to steep for a few minutes sweeten with the usual stuff. Drink before you crash out.

## MR GINGER SNAPZ

Old-fashioned Mr Ginger Snapz keeps so well that you'll want to make him in quantity.

Heat to boiling point 1 cup of molasses, and pour it over ½ cup of shortening, sift together and stir in 3½ cups flour, ½ tspoon baking soda,

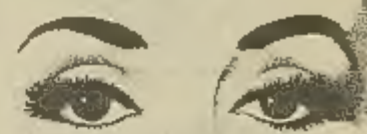
1 tablespoon ginger, 1½ teaspoons salt. Shape one-fourth of the mixture at a time, keeping the rest of the dough in the fridge until you are ready to cut it out. Roll as thin as possible and cut with a small round cutter, bake at 350° until crisp and dry (8-10 minutes). Makes about 100 or more.

(ripped off from "The Fanny Merritt Former Boston Cooking School Cookbook" tenth edition completely revised by Wilma Lord Perkins and published by Little, Brown and Company)

## MISS APPLE CHARLOTTE

6-8 apples  
½ tablespoon butter  
2 tablespoons sugar  
cinnamon  
3 tablespoons raisins  
2 tablespoons ground hazelnuts  
½ lb (approx) bread  
2-2½ ozs melted butter  
2-3 tablespoons sugar

Peel and core apples, slice thinly and cook slowly in their own juice with the ½ tablespoon butter until soft. Add sugar, cinnamon, raisins and hazelnuts. Cut bread into ¼ inch thick slices and dip one side into melted butter then into the sugar. Line bottom, then sides of baking dish with the slices, which must be touching. Fill dish with the apple mixture and cover with pieces of bread left over. Bake in moderate oven 400°/Reg 6 gas for 40-60 minutes, then turn out. Serve with vanilla sauce.



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# Baader- Meinhof:



## MANIPULATED BY VERFASSUNGSSCHUTZ?

Urban Terrorism, an activity with a long and eventful Mid-European heritage, reached a bloody zenith over the last two years in the activities of the West German Red Army Faction; popularly known as the Baader-Meinhof Group. After the seige and capture of Andreas Baader in Frankfurt on 1st June, IT's hurried report omitted many of the intricacies surrounding the circumstances of his arrest and that of Ulrike Meinhof later in the month. Peter Hugel fills in.



Ulrike Meinhof—before arrest, and in police custody on 15th July this year.

Dear IT:

Your article about the Baader-Meinhof Group (IT/132) was not very well informed. Apart from that, the ripple of admiring applause just under the surface shows the most dangerous naivety about the situation in Germany in particular and Europe in general.

In the part at the end, which you lifted almost word for word from "The Times" (June 2nd), you say: "The most significant thing about the group ... is the background of its members. In nearly every case they come from highly respectable, middle-class backgrounds ... they could have had all the benefits that a country with one of the highest living standards in the world could offer..."

The moral of this story, you suggest, is that Baader-Meinhof's class origins might provide food for thought for the odd German bourgeois who hasn't yet seized the exciting opportunities offered by urban guerrilla.

Here are 3 interesting facts you almost got right:

1. There were 4 men arrested in Frankfurt on the 1st of June. Herr Springer's organ 'Bildzeitung' was not as confused as IT about this figure. On the 2nd of June they wrote, quite openly, that the fourth man who was never named, had been "released" after two hours. Since he had been living in the same flat as the others for several months he could hardly be written off as an innocent bystander. According to 'Bildzeitung' the simple explanation was that this mystery man was a member of the infamous 'Verfassungsschutz' (roughly trans: 'Guardians of the Constitution')—western Germany's political police. He had, they said, infiltrated the nucleus of the group several months before.
2. The flat (and adjoining garage—where they had their bomb laboratory) was under observation for several weeks before the arrests. The authorities said that a watchful neighbour/hero/citizen of the republic had noticed strange goings



on and reported it to the police.  
3. During these weeks there was the most intensive spate of bombings claimed by and attributed to B-M including the attacks on US installations and the Springer HQ. Perhaps the pigs watching Baader's flat didn't notice.

Conclusion: Baader-Meinhof was manipulated by the extreme right, not just indirectly through the hysteria created by Springer, etc., but also directly through an active member of the nucleus who was a police spy.

I'm told that the "student movement" in Germany was infiltrated on a massive scale in 1967. The atmosphere that has been created over the last 5 years by various kinds of manipulation of the "New Left" has made legal revolutionary work almost impossible in Germany and Austria; made the passing of all sorts of fascist legislation easy, i.e. the dismissal of all active revolutionaries plus inactive ones (slumbering members of the CP) from public service, incl. teaching posts; the merging of city, state and border police (the latter is

already para-military) and their militarisation (armoured cars, etc.); new powers of search, arrest, etc.; new gun laws—the one passed on the 1st of June giving policemen greater freedom in the use of firearms was followed the next day by the shooting of an unarmed youth in Landau and a week later a similar incident in which another youth died in a nearby town (to name one example from one region); the acceptance by most of the population of daily road blocks on motorway ramps and border posts (mounted by pigs with armoured cars and machine guns) as a necessity. The alienation of older workers from the young left (and the foreign workers), who are regarded as savages shooting drugs and policemen with equal abandon.

I've just explained how. If you're still wondering why, here are some more interesting facts:

— The handful of companies which control the most important part of the economy are turning their production over to military goods. (Krupp, Thyssen, AEG, Brown Boveri, Siemens, Phillips,

etc.) Consumer production is being dismantled and transferred to the Third World. The corresponding growth in military production is being concentrated on the coast of Europe.

— In the course of this restructuration a massive reservoir of unemployed workers is being created, with the consequent breakdown of communities and undermining of the workers' movement in its traditional bastions (cf. miners and dockers in GB).

— In every city in Western Europe a large minority of foreign/migrant/immigrant workers has been created with corresponding racism, ghettos, etc.

— The New Left has been subject to some form of "Baader-Meinhofisation" in nearly every country in western Europe.

— Para-military police forces are being rebuilt and strengthened along German lines.

— The subversion-proof British army has been practising on its own doorstep for the last three years. (In a part of GB; and on white people who speak English). They then return to those quiet little stations in the leafy lanes of north west Germany (remember all the quaint Gothic names on "Family Favourites").

— For the first time since the fall of the Nazis military universities are being opened in Germany (Hamburg and Munich).

— The Foreign Legion is being reorganised and transformed.

— The workers' movement is being attacked, especially at shop floor level, (cf. Industrial Relations Act). The new industrial structures that the bourgeoisie are trying to impose would have done credit to any Corporate State modelled by the Nazis and Fascists. This goes for the social democratic plans as well (cf. In Place Of Strife).

— The rivalries of the governments and states of western Europe, America and Japan, and the competition between the big concerns of the West—the dynamic of capitalism—are completely overshadowed by their common commitment to the survival of capitalism. The survival of capitalism over the next few decades depends upon its control of the resources of the Third World. This entails a permanent military economy in the West. Up to now the biggest part of this military production (and the actual "policing") has been done by the US. Consumer production and has been the chief concern of Europe and Japan. The American economy and people are war-weary. The continued domination of the Third World demands the unification of Europe, the militarisation of its economy (and society) and the emergence of a new European Imperialism to take on the main part of the policing (our beat will be Africa and the Middle East). (Nato is already heavily committed in "White Africa" and the Middle East).

The workers' movement now emerging in Western Europe—strike committees, shop stewards movements, etc.—out of the dissatisfaction with the trade union hierarchies is probably our last chance.

If you're worried about something else you'll still be biting your nails when law and order has settled on Europe like the plague.

All power to the workers,

Peter Hügel, London, June 26th.

As author of the Baader-Meinhof article in IT/132 that Peter Hügel writes about, I feel I should make a few 'comments'.

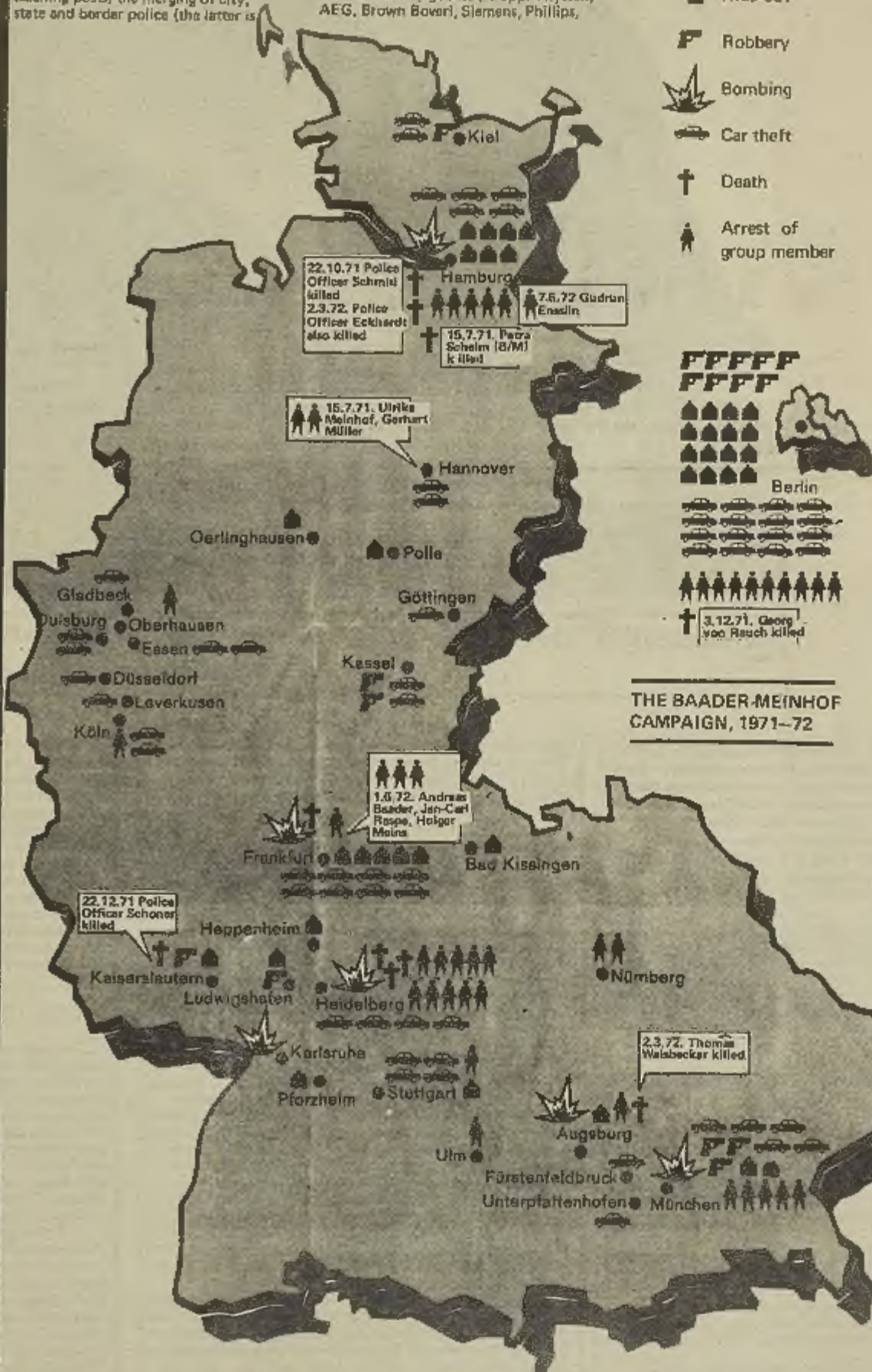
Firstly we go to print at IT about 4 days before the paper comes out, the arrest of Andreas Baader, etc., was just prior to going to press thus I had very little time to check my information. The article was based on three short 'phone conversations with friends in Germany and the information in the English press—I bought seven national papers all of which contradicted each other on various points, e.g. the amount of people arrested. Unfortunately, unlike you, I can't get copies of 'Bildzeitung' easily, certainly not on the day they are published in Germany.

Sure my analysis is similar to part of "The Times" article—can't people agree on valid points? (If you read IT/124 it contains a page article by me on Baader-Meinhof, giving a more complete analysis which I did not want to repeat again in full.

I disagree with you on a number of points, due to time and space I will just mention a couple:

1. I believe that one of the pre-requisites of a revolution—I think we are now in a pre-revolutionary period—is the destruction of what I would call the 'Pigs Power Myth', people must be educated that the pigs are not omnipotent, ubiquitous, etc., etc. The fact that the Baader-Meinhof group existed for the length of time it did destroyed much of this myth in the peoples' minds, it showed that the pigs can be beaten.
2. On another point, I don't think any

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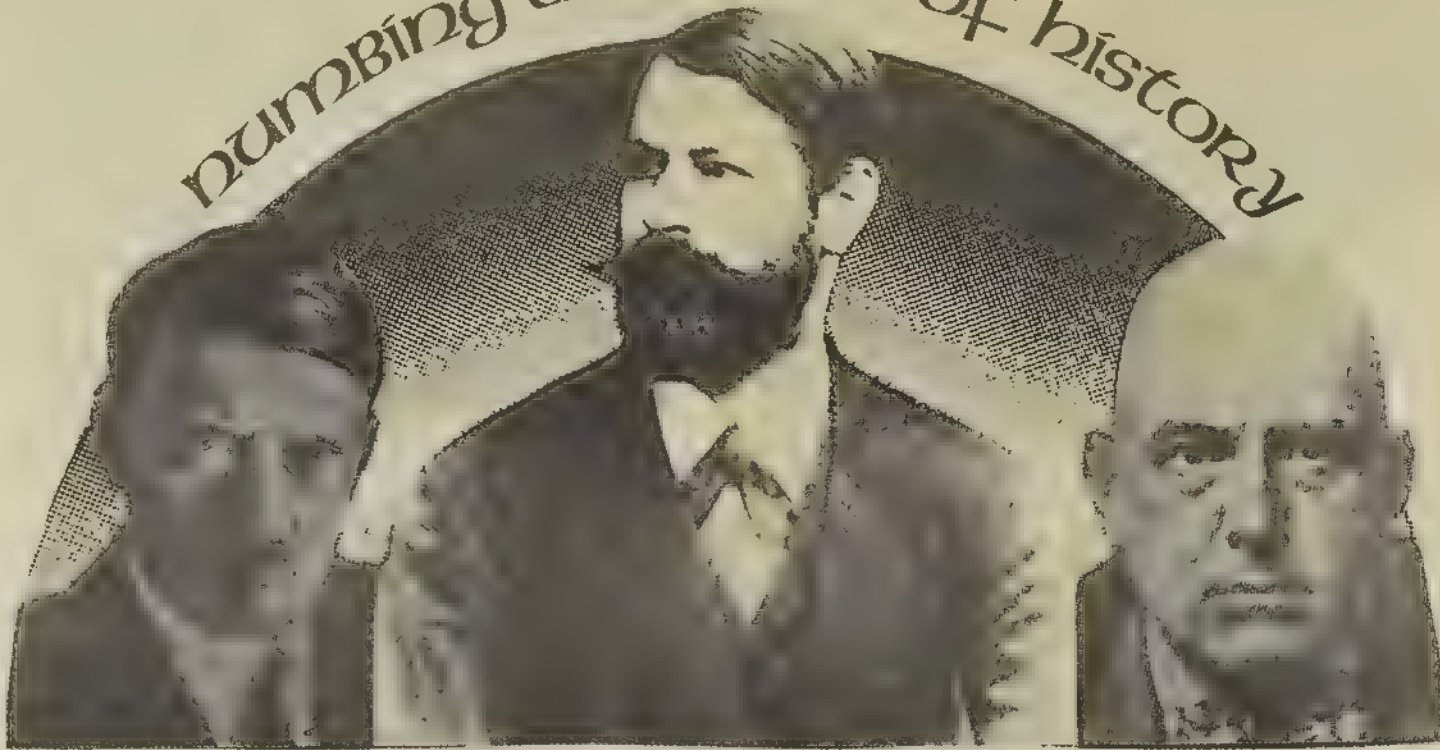


THE BAADER-MEINHOF CAMPAIGN, 1971-72



# Cocaine:

## numbing the Brain of history



Hitler used it "for a stomach ailment", Freud thought it a gift from the gods, Crowley went insane and stayed that way  
Louis Rappaport lays down the elegant heritage of our '70s Superdrug

In 1972, cocaine is everywhere. Coke has become the chic new luxury drug on the contemporary drug scene, speeding up and down the international class structure from Italian magnates to Hell's Angels, Hollywood stars to California hitch-hikers, English rock managers to assembly line workers. Like a blizzard from the high Andes, it has frosted the lofty brows of such diverse historical figures as Arthur Conan Doyle and Adolph Hitler.

New, sundry discussions of coke abound. Cocaine's attendant mystique demands that it be sorted through a hundred dollar bill, as Phil Spector did in *Easy Rider*. It is romanticized in the liberal media, from *Newsweek* to *Rolling Stone*. A typical story about cocaine has a few "heavy" names and clever hints, but avoids saying anything about what the drug is, does or means. It seems simply to advertise what the in-Superhip people are using—Sister Morphine and Cousin Cocaine. And this is just an echo of the news that's been filtering down off the wings of rock stars' guitars, among the street culture and young people to indulge in "snow" with the same sense of decadent luxury as the 1940s' Hollywood princesses who bathed in thick cream.

If you want to make it in the Age of Cancer or Aquarius you'd best become a rich coke bottler if you can't catapult off a musical trip or charisma up a religious scam. The big money is in heroin and cocaine, and many dealers have switched from psychedelic products to psychedelic profits. Despair and confusion provide an enormous market to be exploited, and who can deny that heroin or cocaine bring temporary relief? *Rolling Stone* called it the "drug of the year," and *Newsweek* reported that U.S. Customs seized \$49.2 million worth in the last fiscal year—a threefold increase over the previous year.

Always go on "til you have to stop.  
Let's have another sniff, old top!"  
—Aleister Crowley

Cocaine, unlike the deep down fade-out of opiates, has often been associated with domination and rule. Opiate users

historically have had a rougher time handling the reink of state. Hermann Goering, for example, became a morphine addict shortly after the Nazi takeover and he steadily deteriorated after that, painting his fingernails and haunting his baroque castle in a satin dressing gown. Coke, on the other hand, imparts feelings of power: you can do more, act against some one rather than yourself—and rule, not only the petty little states of ego or family or spirit, but the super-state itself.

According to British historian David Irving, Adolph Hitler during his last two years as Führer, was receiving daily injections of coke from his personal physician, Dr. Theodor Morell. Morell, whom Goering called "Herr Reich Infection Master" was treating Hitler for a stomach ailment which he attributed to an overburdening of the nervous system. His daily injections of cocaine were supplemented with vitamin and hormone shots, the latter to combat his impotency. (According to both the Schellenberg memoirs and the first edition of the *Kamten* memoirs, Adolph was only able to experience orgasm while giving speeches.)

Though cocaine might have played an important part in accelerating certain features of Hitler's psychological makeup, you can't condemn a drug simply because the Boogemaster himself used it. He was crazy in front, and it didn't matter what he took. But somehow Hitler's "mystic" reputation among black magic cultists, Hell's Angels, Lucifer speed freaks, etc., is enhanced by his use of cocaine—his "it's difficult, after all, to pick up Hitler stoned out on hashish."

But Hitler was only the personification of a trip that the whole of Nazi Germany went on. Cocaine, the champagne of bottled domination drugs, enjoyed special favor among the S.S., who would sniff it and then go out and kill people with a sexual zeal. It was almost as if the whole enforcement arm of the state had become one legalized Manson family.

In America, the cocaine phenomenon has not been limited to the Superhip and to mystically inclined neo-fascists. It has also been adopted by some radicals in their quest for a "politics of ecstasy"—that great philosophical idea popularized by the Shivah-political theorist, Timothy Leary. It's no surprise nowadays to see revolutionaries offer their

friends a couple of white "crystal lines." And it's hard to turn an occasional snort, especially if it's free. Yet in over Berkeley the political mess, well, screw it, ask, "I'm not now, when?" The answer screams back, "Soon, pretty damn soon." But ancient and numerous poisons are postponing "now" to "later" by confusing and scrambling the brain. As long as drugs determine so much of our social history, and vice versa, it's crucial to know about them before we act—or even know how to act.

Drug reform, the most commonly proposed solution, is almost a waste of energy because it treats the effect rather than the cause. Gargantuan social and psychological problems cannot be solved under a cancerous system. And though education offers no cure, it seems little else can be done in the present condition of repression.

"Cocaine is for horses, not for men.  
They say it'll kill me, but they won't say when."  
—Elizabeth Cotten

Cocaine is an ancient drug distilled from the coca plant which grows in the South American Andes Mountains, particularly in Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. The plant's ancient use by the inhabitants of the Peruvian Andes has been verified by archaeologists who have found coca leaves in pre-historic graves preserved in bags hanging from the necks of mummies. These coca pouches were woven and decorated with beautiful birds and fish. Many of the Indians in this region still consider the coca drug a god, either the Royal Son of the Sun, or *La Diosa Blanca* ("The White Goddess"). Many people seek intercourse with the gods in preference to mortal love-making.

The coca plant is related to the coca tree, which yields chocolate base, another immensely popular drug. Coca is a shrub from three to eight feet high, with rusty colored branches, tea-like leaves and small yellow flowers. The Indians of the Northwestern Amazon region bake the coca leaves in earthen pots, then crush the toasted leaves into a fine green powder. To release the white alkaloid cocaine, the Indians cut the powder with plant ashes or unslaked lime.

In pre-Columbian times, coca was used ritualistically for sacred purposes. With the coming of the Conquistadors,

however, its use changed. Forced into labor for the Spaniards, the Indians relied on coca to help alleviate their lack of food (Beta root and coca had served a similar function for the hungry in Asia and Africa). Coca is still used by about forty percent of Peru's population. It is a nationalized industry and coca breaks are as common as coffee breaks in America. About six million Andes Indians chew the powdered leaves, or, less frequently, sniff it through the nose. Chewing it first leaves a decided warmth in the mouth, then anesthetizes the stomach against the pangs of hunger or thirst. Sniffing it facilitates breathing in the thin mountain air.

But the South Americans are well aware of coca's other properties. In Calao, the "coca capital of Peru," Indians sum up two major uses of their indigenous wealth in a world-weary saying: "If you're poor, you're hungry, coca fixes that. If you're rich, you want an aphrodisiac; coca fixes that too."

Not all the Indians, however, are convinced that coca stimulates sex. In the Kogi tribe, women don't use coca and urge their new husbands to give it up. The Kogi women of the tribe's supreme being is a woman! believe that extended use of the drug will make their men impotent.

Here in the West, where there is an increasing reliance on aphrodisiacs, cocaine is used for its pure physical energy. Rubbed on the penis, cocaine anesthetizes the head and provides for a long performance. But it is also true that the dulling of sensitivity may forestall climax entirely, or induce incidences of impotence. This may also happen when cocaine is rubbed on the clitoris. The sexual effect varies from person to person, whether one sniffs coke, shoots it, or applies it gently.

Coke use in the U.S. has mushroomed in the last couple of years. Until recently its use was confined to a small number of users in the black ghettos, as well as musicians, well-to-do dealers, motorcycle cultists, and race horses (an injection helps win the race). But the effects of a drug on a culture group are not as dramatic or as easy to pinpoint as its effects on an individual. All drugs depend on the user. A guarded snail, fed additional "energy" will twirl at an accelerated pace. On the other hand, a less bent person is more prone to have beneficial drug experiences.

Cocaine's non-sexual effects are generally predictable. The drug increases heat production and lowers the respiration rate. Stimulation of the nervous system is often followed by depression. Desensitizing of cellular tissue can result in cell poisoning.

If the cocaine stays in prolonged contact with the cells (Novopain and procecal, synthesized derivatives of cocaine, are non-addicting and far less toxic). Researchers experimenting with rats and dogs have found that cocaine affects the amino acids—the basic building blocks of protein essential to metabolism.

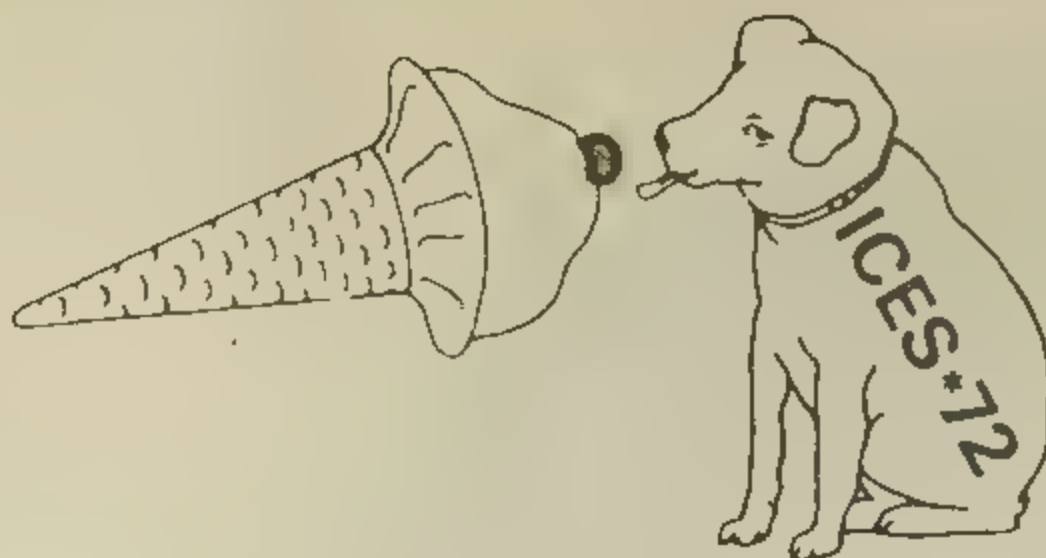
Chronic sniffing erodes the nasal septum and the nose will often end up perforated. Regular users eventually appear to have a leprosy nose. Cocaine is often used on "jags" (prolonged, continuous use). This is because the body breaks it down very quickly and more dosage is needed to sustain the effect. However, the body also breaks coke much faster than it can detoxify it, so ODing is not uncommon. And shooting coke destroys cellular tissue at an even faster rate. But death just makes it all the more popular. Nerves are paralyzed and long usage causes digestive muscular twitching, insomnia, depression, and paranoia. There is a strong desire to shoot it every fifteen to twenty minutes in order to maintain the hot rush.

If the bodily price people pay for coke is enormous, so is the cash price. The Roman general Crassus received his funeral wish when molten gold was poured down his throat, but pure gold at \$48 an ounce costs only a twentieth of the market price of cocaine—between \$900 and \$1400 an ounce, or even as much as \$2,000 for a pure "rock." That figures out to \$40 or \$50 a spoonful. Crassus' throat job is a bargain by comparison.

Cocaine is smuggled into the U.S., mostly by Mafia errand boys (often South American diplomats). Wholesalers usually cut the cocaine with fifty percent of some substance like chalk, an Italian favorite. If the cocaine melts away on a heated knife, or the crystal dissolves in a glass of water before they hit bottom, then it's "the real thing."

In the drug culture, only the very few can devote themselves





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exclusively to coke. A few wealthy musicians use as much as a thousand grams a month. Many users need a giant hit of heroin right after doing coke—a "speedball" of half and half.

Cocaine is considered "stone sexual" in the words of one popular song. Sensual energy and unbounded power seem to spread through every nerve. There are no psychedelic qualities to coke. There is just a rapturous body glow and the "clear-headed" sense of being superior and in love. Old slang terms for coke, some of which are still used, are self-explanatory: snow, nose candy, white mosquitoes, gold dust, seighride, White Lady.

Cocaine was introduced into the U.S. by a surgeon William Halsted, who experimented with it in the 1880s as a local anaesthetic. He and all of his patients became addicted, a now familiar professional hazard.

At about the same time, an Atlanta pharmacist named Dr. Pemberton invented a "health tonic" by combining cocaine with cola extract, a speed drug from West Africa. This magic syrup was bottled under the combined name of its two drugs, coca and cola. Then as now the drink was stimulating, addicting, and hunger-arresting. The Food and Drug Administration forced *Coca Cola* to stop using cocaine in 1906 but cola and caffeine remained in the formula.

Sigmund Freud popularized coke as an anaesthetic in the West. But while he was never given credit for its important medicinal use, he was vilified for all the nightmares it later caused.

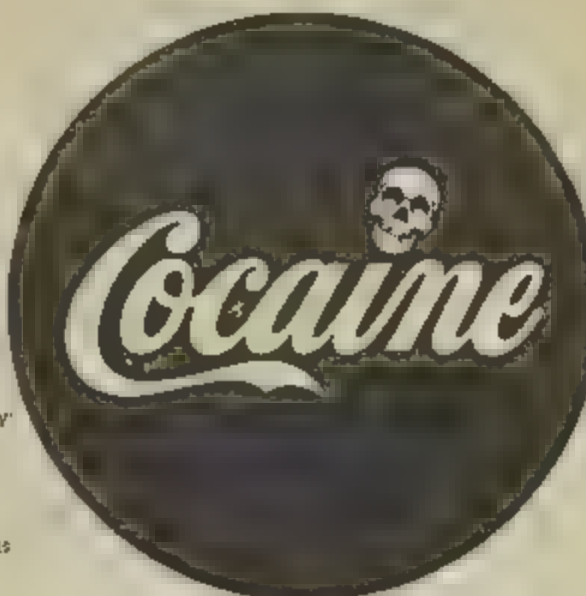
Freud was still a young laboratory researcher seeking fame when he started to experiment with cocaine. Initially he thought it a wonder drug, the panacea for numerous afflictions. In his famous essay on cocaine he writes of administering an "offering" rather than a "dose" of the drug. (This reverential treatment is similar to that later accorded LSD.)

Freud also wrote of the South American mythical tale that coca was sent as a gift from the gods to satisfy the hungry, fortify the weary and make the unfortunate forget their sorrows. An old name for cocaine, in fact, was *numbolla*, an apt description of what cocaine does—it numbs the horror of existence, keeping the peasants happy and working on empty stomachs, and blind to the Sun God's priesthood and other enslaving minions.

Freud himself sampled small amounts of cocaine every day during those times. Unlike his American contemporaries, however, he never became addicted. A drug's effect is almost always contingent on the user's character, and Freud's psychological makeup was such that he rejected all kinds of drug dependencies (except for his need of cigars, which was to give him cancer and finally kill him).

Freud described his reactions to the non-medicinal aspects of cocaine in a letter to his fiancée: "You perceive an increase of self-control and more capacity for work—in other words you are simply normal and it is soon hard to believe that you are under the influence of a drug."

His enthusiasm for cocaine led him to administer it to fellow doctor and close personal friend, Fielsch Von Maxow, who had been a morphine addict. Of course, it was just the reverse side of a depressant, and Von Maxow became addicted all over again. The hypodermic needle had been developed not long before, and the young doctor insisted against Freud's advice on shooting cocaine. Very soon after, he died. This event weighed heavily on Freud, causing him a good deal of anguish at that time. He never took another drug for the rest of his life, except for two



aspirin tablets a few days before his death.

In his early flirtations with cocaine, Freud was well aware of its powers to heighten sensuality. He would occasionally send his fiancée small doses of the drug, telling her evocatively: "You shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough, or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body." As Ernest Jones has written, Freud used cocaine as a shortcut to achieve feelings of virility and "the sense of bliss of union with his beloved."

For most drugs, there is a sexual analogue—the upward orgasm of heroin, the prolonged climax of cocaine, the heightened pleasure of hallucinogens, the ejaculatory praecox (quick-coming) of alcohol. Philosophical drugs also centre on or against the "Great Mystery," mostly to remove animality and control the most basic impulses. The most intelligent member of Freud's circle, Karl Abraham, wrote that excessive drinking of alcohol was a substitute for drinking semen; his approach might be applied to other drugs as well.

Three other historical figures who used cocaine are Aleister Crowley, Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Louis Stevenson. Crowley, enthusiastic mountain climber, prodigiously sexual, satanist, clever writer and promoter of black magic, used both cocaine and heroin extensively. He wrote a chapter about "the land of cocaine" in his 1923 book *Diary of a Dope Fiend*.

"One sniff gave us a sensation of the most exquisitely delicious wickedness," he had never been particularly keen on women, but with cocaine, things are absolutely different. It deadens any feeling which might arouse what physiologists call inhibition. One becomes absolutely reckless. She (a particular woman) was the spirit of cocaine incarnate, cocaine made flesh; say if you like, she was possessed of the devil."

Crowley wrote that, after his first stoking of "his furnace full of coke" everything was transmuted as by heavenly alchemy into a spiritual beatitude. This sort of cosmic language has become enormously popular among present-day religious people who can't stomach mikson Jesus, or even warrior Jesus, but who still need some supreme deity. Their choice is a sleazy, sexual, bloody Lucifer—far more human and comprehensible than his "heavenly" rival. Artists like Mick Jagger and Kenneth Anger have popularized Crowley's satanism and elevated cocaine to a sacrament. In his latest film, *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, Anger dances insanely with a Nazi flag, as if he were possessed. Crowley's words on cocaine could serve as a review of the film. "And it's always different

and always the same, and it never stops, and you go insane, and you stay insane."

"With cocaine, one is indeed master of everything, but everything matters intensely. With heroin, the feeling of mastery increases to such a point that nothing matters at all."

Conan Doyle, a more benign user, laid his love of cocaine on his character Sherlock Holmes. The sophisticated and urbane super-sleuth used pure coke to relieve his boredom between cases, frequently delaying the advice of the simple Dr. Watson by giving himself injections of "seven per cent Numbolia compound." Conan Doyle spent his last years talking to ghosts, especially the dead face of his mother, and looking around for the Holy Grail.

Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* is believed to have been written when the author switched from morphine to cocaine. An article in *Science News* suggested that his use of cocaine accounts for the "demoniac" pace at which the bedridden Stevenson wrote and then completely rewrote the sixty thousand word novel in six days. The schizophrenic portion that good Dr. Jekyll poured down his throat was probably laced with coke.

Coke use today has become so widespread that corporations like AT&T and GM are "finding more and more cocaine users among prospective employees," according to *Newsweek*. This should come as no surprise, though, as speed drugs have long been staples among assembly-line workers, truckdrivers, and housewives in America. Also, among movie stars and rock musicians, and the international "Car Pack" on the Aga Khan's Costa Esmeralda, coke use is ubiquitous.

The big dealers are sitting on slave money from heroin and cocaine. What should be done about them? During the revolution in Algeria, after initial warnings, the big heroin dealers were killed. But other lethal drugs (tobacco for one) are as most as sinister, addicting and deadly as heroin, and more destructively compulsive than cocaine. The lung cancer and emphysema wards are called Marlborough County by the dying, choking patients. Where's their revenge? And T. opiates are such a threat, what about L. Ron Hubbard, Mel Lyman, and Billy Graham? Religion is no less a plague than those "organic beautiful things that grow from the blessed earth" such as coca and poppies.

But more and more people overdose or turn into faded or malignant phantoms. Under the present system, community pressure has very little effect. Violent action against big dealers would just drive addicts into another popular death-door like Jesus Freaks or Synanon programmes, which re-regiment the fallen troops and put them back in their one-way channels. Or into methadone, another slave-conditioning drug, introduced as a "cure" much as cocaine and heroin were originally "cures" for morphine addiction.

Education can make people more aware of the causes of their dissatisfaction. The need to escape into artificial paradises is self-defeating in the end. The imaginary aura of vitality and power is sapped in the reality of death and dependence. What is needed is a social, economic and psychological revolution to eradicate the causes of chronic drug use. Until such a climate prevails, heroin and cocaine will continue to hold people down, keeping them from the fight against external oppression.

Reprinted from the now sadly defunct "Sundance" JPS/USA











# MAGIC MUSCLE

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# NASTY TALES:

The lads at Nasty Tapes want to thank Hawkwind for their generous contribution of a percentage of the take to the Nasty Tapes Defence Fund. This fund is being organised to pay the expenses of our current obscenity trial. More information from Mac, Nasty Tapes Defence Fund, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF (01 434 1372).

# meat

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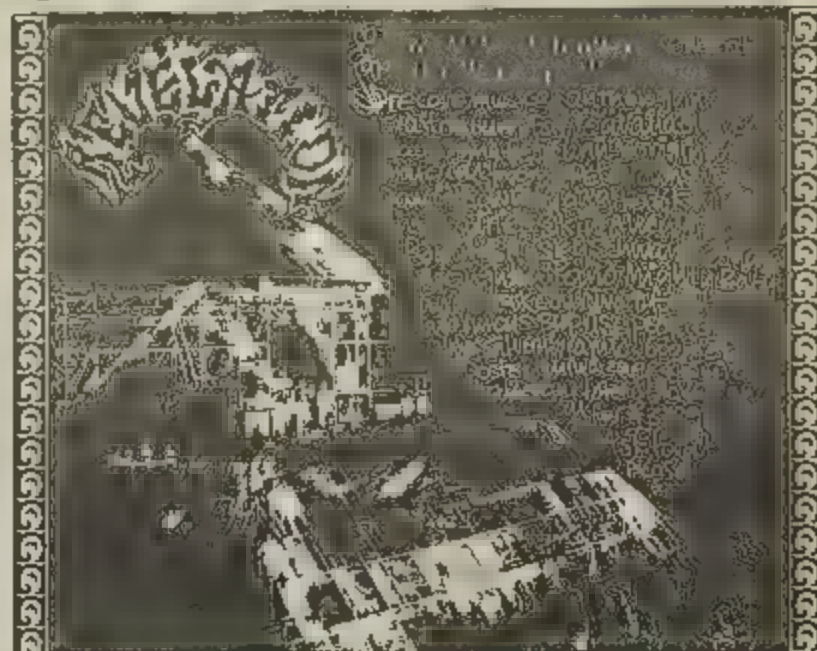
All seats cost 40p per performance. Membership costs 10p, 24 hours earlier.

August 6-12th	Elvis - That's the way it is Don't look Back Cream: Farewell Concert }	11.00 Fri/Sat
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# 'A CASE OF TRIAL AND ERROR'

On 3rd July this year Greenwich Cablevision started broadcasting as the first local television station in the country. The following interview with Programme Controller Charles Lucas was conducted by John Carding on 24 July at Greenwich Cablevision studios in S.E. London.

Anyone wishing to contact Greenwich Cablevision can do so at 307 Plumstead High Street, London SE18 1JX (01, 854 3446)

Could you tell me something about the history of Cablevision?

Yes. The thing was started by Maurice Townsend, our managing director about 5 years ago, as a cable system in the Plumstead and Abbey Wood area. Plumstead and Abbey Wood are in the case of a hill and can't pick up any normal television signals from the national network, the only way to get them is through the cable system. Once the cable system was laid, local television could be piped through.

How did you manage to work it with the government. The legislation had to be changed, didn't it?

It did, and I think if you look at the history of cablevision internationally - in the States, the growth of cable television has made it almost inevitable that there was going to be there had to be a vehicle for it in this country very soon. Christopher Chataway, when he was Minister for Growth and Telecommunications, did pass the word around that they would be prepared to experiment in local television. A number of people put in for the facility and for better or worse, Greenwich Television got it.

How much time are you broadcasting at the moment, and how is this going to grow?

Basically we're trying to put out approximately 30-45 minutes a night through the week Monday to Friday - which is just open magazine material directed to various areas of the community. Sport on Monday night, housewives' bits on Tuesday, features on Wednesday, local affairs on Thursday night, and a young people's sort of 'fun night' on Friday.

These programmes are repeated the following mornings at 11 am and that's about it at the moment. At the weekends we're trying a local evening spot on Saturday morning, which is more or less a live show. Religion on Sunday, of course, got to have God on Sunday and 'Greenwich Village' on Sunday night.

How long are you going to remain with this format, do you plan to extend the programmes?

Well, to tell you the truth, we're hardly able to sustain these programmes at the moment, it's a slight bone of contention - but trying to get 8 hours of television out of this facility in theory is impossible, in practice is possible, but we're basically trying to keep this station to the format that the directors wanted when they laid down the basic scheme in the first place.

What sort of feedback are you getting from the area, to what extent does or will it influence you?

Entirely. I mean this is the whole point of the deal. I'm disappointed up to now with the lack of feedback. We have had an incredible number of technical problems, there's more to it than just putting it down a pipe. But I'm rather disappointed that there's been so little feedback. I had a couple of calls this

morning, which is very nice. An old lady rang up and said 'Bless you my son' which is nice.

How many people are receiving Cablevision at the moment? Well, what there is to receive, that is?

Very difficult question to answer. If you were a national newspaper I would say we have a board upstairs of subscribers, we have 15,000 subscribers, each of which have a family of five, work it out for yourself.

In practice this isn't quite right, because we are pushing this out on 625 line television, all right if you actually sat down and worked out the 625 line capacity in Plumstead, it's probably not very high, there's a lot of old rental sets about which can't get it. But it's impossible to actually say at this stage what the final figure is.

How many staff have you got at the moment?

Well, there's Jilly and me. There's our technical boss which is Mick (We'd be lost without Mick). And John who is floor manager.

Can you tell me something about the equipment you use?

Yes - unreliable. We had a lot of stuff on order from IFC before we opened up and the deliveries have been delayed and we've had to make do with rented stuff from Bell and Howell and this has largely affected the quality of the picture we've had to put out.

You've not been pleased with the quality up to now?

No, it's been pretty diabolical, but I mean this was just sheer ignorance, I mean none of us had ever seen a VTR (Video Tape Recorder) a month ago, let alone knowing how to put programmes out and all these things of compatibility are just a case of trial and error.

Brian Cawthorpe was your Programme Controller until

he resigned last week, would you comment on that?

When Barry originally signed the contract with Cablevision, there were naturally a number of assumptions which he could take from his contract, i.e. the supply of equipment which didn't arrive and the basic concept of the studio which didn't

really develop the way Barry was hoping it would. I really don't know of the actual technical reasons or why it happened quite so quickly. There had definitely been a build up of tension, possibly over the first two weeks and something had to go.

How do you find the work-

load now distributed without Barry being here?

Well, as you brought me a cheese sandwich yesterday morning at 3 am, which I was very grateful for, obviously it's rather chaotic.

Are you planning to take on any more staff?

In practice the sad thing is that no television concept was ever financed, anywhere. The licence from the government does not allow any income from advertising or sponsorship in any way. You can't go around putting up people's names on their cable systems for a programme which half of them can't get anyhow, and probably the other half of the neighbourhood don't particularly want to watch, so where are we supposed to get our finances from? I mean this budget we are working to is absolutely ridiculous in relation to established television costs. We can't afford to produce a commercial for two minutes on a national network.

How do you hope that Cablevision will progress within the next five or six months? What are your hopes?

Well I think it can all come down to building up an identity. I think this is the most important thing. If we do start getting a reaction, if we start getting people writing and saying 'The programme was rubbish, you should be doing a programme like this' or 'We don't want that programme on at 6.30 we want it at 5.30' then you know you're getting through to someone and you can start building up the whole vehicle of local television on this initial relationship.

How do you get on with the local press? Possibly you're taking away part of their income?

Well, I don't know if you're asking this question from the standpoint of the gentleman who's been hung out of more editor's offices than anyone in the area.

That's a lie.

That's what they said.

But it's easier for them to say that than admit I don't go to them to give them news any more because they are pigs. Anyway, back to the interview.

Well, the Kentish Independent love us and Kentish Mercury hate us, and we work with both of them and that sums it up. I can't see that any local newspaper could actually turn around and say that Cablevision is a threat to their circulation. If they think, in the future, local television is going to run into advertising, then okay, they might possibly worry about it, but I think it's an old discussion. If you talk about the relative place for newspapers and television in the community, then I personally believe there's more than enough room for both that one substitutes the one is additional to the other, they're not separate identities.



John Carding



Phil Springer



**BABA** by Arnold Schulman  
(pub. Macmillan, £2.50)

Baba is a 36-year-old Indian mystic made famous by a materialising canny photographer and a television show of his. The first reaction is to groan and say "oh no, not another Indian guru," but the author of the book is obviously sincere in his belief that Baba is a most remarkable person. He makes no attempt to convert, nor does he make any extravagant claims for Baba.

Like so many of us he would dearly like to be loved, in some thing. His experiences with Baba were moving, not conclusive. He does not stay at the ashram, but returns to Hollywood, the noted home of our causes.

The book has much to recommend it. The characters portrayed are not altogether human, like the celebrated portrait of Oliver Cromwell they are shown "war-sin" all India sounds as dead as as we always imagined to be. Baba himself appears to be a new era of inspired leader and childlike martyr, not a bad combination really.

Like many other holy men Baba's family were convinced he was possessed of a devil at first, however he resisted their attempts to cure him and finally won them over. By no means a small feat (imagine trying to tell your mother you are God). Baba claims to be a reincarnation of an ancient Hindu saint (also called Sa Baba) who died in 1910. At one time there was a Sa Baba centre at 25 Hoop Lane NW1. According to a recent London Evening News Hindu mission was gathering on Sundays.

Joy Farrow

**MAKING DOLLS** by Hse Gray  
(pub. Studio Vista, £2.50)

Another guide from Studio Vista. Beautifully presented, illustrated, written. The dolls are made of basic enough to allow you to experiment and make enough for amateurs like me to follow. There is a very good bibliography and a sensible list of suppliers for those not fortunate

**LIQUID THEATRE**  
Churning Cross Arches,  
nightly at 7.30

Liquid Theatre's problem is that they manipulate their audience to allow this same audience to escape from the manipulation and oppression which they encounter in their day to day existence: the oppression of the government, the subtle brainwashing of the media.

Just as we are often incapable of identifying and recognizing the manipulation of our senses, the audience is often incapable of recognizing the manipulation of our everyday battle for the definition of our individuality, so, within the framework of the Liquid Theatre microcosm, you are forced to accept their values, their structures, as a basis for fighting those on the outside: YOU are being manipulated.

The door was never far away in my mind that the Liquid Theatre process could easily be incorporated into the general oppression scene which modern governments seem so anxious to adopt to save the capitalist working class from their well deserved extinction.

Imagine, a government run sensory institute through which all workers must pass before going home to swallow the subtly controlled leisure activities allowed by their

## BAADER- MEINHOF (cont.)



revolutionary can dismiss the tactics of the urban guerrilla. Though the problem of evaluating it has got to be a complex one, of judging 'terrorist' behaviour in the light of the particular features of the historical setting in which it occurs, of comparing different forms of socially prevalent violence, of assessing 'terrorism' in terms of its consequences, remote as well as immediate.

I tend to feel that Peter Hügel suffers from a 'I'm working class—moral superiority feeling' state we can all slip in to. The left typically takes the opposite of 'individual' to the mass and that condemning something as 'individual' is their way of promoting the politics of the mass. It is consequently dismissive for no good reason of other forms of collective actions such as autonomous working class action, working class actions or actions by individuals—in this case the Baader-Meinhof Group.

John Carding

## books. tv. liquid theatre.

enough to live in London.

All he does. Most of the dolls are made of plastic, mostly sold in toyshops. One of the most interesting dolls is the Clay shows how to make a two-headed doll, apparently these were popular in the 19th century. The doll usually being based on opposing themes, e.g. rage and riches, summer and winter.

There are also instructions for making glove puppets and finger puppets.

Joy Farrow

Also from Studio Vista come the amazing PROPHET by Gary Yarker £5.80.

Over 1000 contemporary political posters—says on the cover

Gary Yarker is a New Yorker studying law and business administration at Columbia University. Most of the posters are reprinted in black and white with some stunting ones in colour. The United Nations of America, Father forgive them for they know not what they do, and an incredible American flag made out of matches and more and more. A coffee table book for Hampstead (and other) liberals, certainly but also a really nice thing to have. Some of the women's Liberation posters are particularly home-hitting. The book contains a disappointingly small section on what Gary Yarker refers to as poster substitutes, e.g. patches, buttons and bumper stickers. In a way these 'substitutes' are more interesting than posters, after all you're

probably giving a wear them out on the street while your revolutionary poster stays safe at home on your wall. It would have been nice if there was a poster or button included with the book. All those visual restraints between covers, and not one to spare without ruining another.

Joy Farrow

**THIS WEEK SPECIAL**  
Thames TV 10.45, Wed 26 July

This Week Special about the Industrial Relations Act—once again is confirmed to be a bit of

a current affairs programme to come to grips with any socio-political crisis, problem, or debate. It is well known to be a program of analysis and heigher trade union officials and his own will be in line to categories known to be professional distorters of the truth. They cloak their motives in sombre warnings about the onset of anarchy, the need to uphold law and order when they make the law to suit their personal privileges as members of the ruling class. And their actions are nothing less than terrorism.

It is the government of the high officialdom who are the terrorists. They feed on manipulating circumstances of force confrontations between various sections of the national or international community. Just as once the Church used any method to reach to erroneous people into serving the Kingdom of God, their God whose sympathies lay with the rich against the poor, the healthy against the sick, the mighty not the weak, so Thatcher's government are using any means necessary to make us obey the Rule of Law, their law.

But, because they can't suppress all ideas, because we are still not allowed to think, their cyanide must be sugar coated and it is to this purpose that a whole political mask is reacted on for a quiet change come into being.

This week Special will not only more than give that insipid varnish another occasion to test its polish, and the programme once again illustrated the absurdness of the TV regulation for political fairness, which must always reduce current affairs programmes to the level of a boring talk show. At present, their only function is to stifle any discussion, and as such the only conclusion one can make is that if the Revolution is ever going to happen, it must start with the information and liberation of the communications media.

Gordian Troeller



rulers. A sort of subsidised programmed relaxation factory.

To their credit, Liquid Theatre see their function very differently. They believe that their series of events will open the long ignored sensory boxes which governments so desperately try to keep locked. It is through making technolo-

gical man aware of his physical identity that you ultimately will expand his mind forcing him to adopt a more inquisitive and demanding attitude to his everyday choices. It might even one day force a revolt against the dehumanised, desensitized consumerism which has become synonymous with

Industrial society.

In the eyes of Liquid Theatre every man has his own trip: they are all equals, a living organism deprived of life force. For these, Liquid Theatre provides a recharge, a reassurance that we can be more than just machines serving a handful of greedy overlords.

And because of the presence

of other human beings, you are asked to re-evaluate your feelings in the context of a haphazard microcosmic society. Liquid Theatre invites you to trust total strangers with your body, to withdraw from your sensory isolation.

On a theatrical level, some parts of the event are lacking in direction and discipline. But they are constantly searching for new ideas which will give more cohesion to the event. The performance part of the evening particularly, suffers from this confusion. It could even be argued that the whole episode is unnecessary. I found it broke up the participatory nature of the event.

Shash Tabor, the director, however feels that it allows the audience to relax, to collect their impressions, before joining in the final celebration of newfound energy. She also makes a strong point of dispelling the idea that Liquid Theatre is supposed in any way to be therapeutic, since the Eshalon Institute, its function is perhaps best described in that it attempts to awaken your senses. What you do with them is up to you. It's your trip. Whatever the artistic and social merit of Liquid Theatre, it is at the moment the best party in town.

Gordian Troeller



## CHEECH & CHONG

Big Bambu  
(A & M)

The Scene. Any hippy pad. ...The Time. Early Morning.

KNOCK KNOCK. Open up this door. This is the POLICE!!!

Unnnh.  
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

There's no one here.  
Open up this is the City

Police. Knock knock.  
Police? POLICE?

Where? How many? How

many lids? Two or three?.....

Where's the Psilocybin? There

were four lids. Four lids? Five

lids. Yeah five lids.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Where, WHERE'S THE

PSILOCYBIN?..... Five lids?.....

FLUSH FLUSHFLUSH

FLUSH.....

Hey, I'm coming.....

KNOCK KNOCK

Hold on, I'll open the door.

HEY MAN APRIL FOOL.....

WOW MAN DIDJA THINK I

WAS DA POLICE EH?.....EH

MAN? WASSA MATTA

Sounds of vigorous crying,

yowling and eating of the

rushes.

Yeah, its Cheech and Chong

back to entertain us with their

second recorded offering.

Apparently this has already

risen to number 9 in the US of

A album charts, an amazing

position for a comedy record.

But then—this is of course Hard

Rock Comedy, the kind of thing

that some clods got used to with

their first album. In fact this

second record from the incredibly

undynamic duo of black plastic

humour is pretty close to the

first one in content, scope and

effect. In fact its amusing.

Unlike the Firesign Theatre,

C&C seem for the moment

content to plough the good rich

dopey earth of Downer Freak

Neuroses, Mexicans and their

problems (various) and other

typically unpleasant inhabitants

of Los Angeles, California. They

have however come up with a

couple of real howlers such as

"Sister Elephant" "Pedro Pacus

and Man" and "The Bust". As

on the last record they manage

to extract enjoyment from the

plight of those of our brethren

hung up on downers, and even

mention a "How many downers

can you drop contest?"

Naturally enough the guy who

wins this little number can't

even remember his own name.

There again neither can I some-

times. To each his own. Yessirree

there is within each Cheech and

Chong album a little buncha

muggles of deep down stinkin'

laughter and by God I wish

more people in this god forsaken

island of ours would appreciate

it.

Their first album, despite

quantities of reviewing, advertis-

ing and personal appearances

ranging from the desolation of

the mudflats of Dickenshaw, to

the warmth of Ronnie Scotts

club, failed to sell. In this

country. In America it did well.

Can this mean that English

downer freaks are unfunny or

that comedy based on dope in

all its manifestations has little

appeal to English record buyers.

This is a sad thought for despite

C & C's Los Angeles bias,

American accents and chronic

dependence on Hippy Mores,

they still have something

genuinely absurd to put across.

Come to think of it there's one

hell of a lot of rock musicians

that suffer from the same

influences and they seem

popular enough. Perhaps British

hippies need humour from

Scunthorpe or Ladbroke Grove

to get off on; after all Lenny

Bruce was never really successful

here either. Could it be

connected to the fearsome

stillborn audience reaction

so complained of by some

American and British

musicians? Are the English

uptight, stupid or unaware? I

doubt it very much but when

records cost two quid apiece

and the selection is as vast as it

is at present then who knows



**Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (company) or 5p per word (individuals). Box numbers 50p extra. Ads for pads are free. Send your ad— together with cheque/postal order made out to Bloom (Publications) Ltd— to Joy, IT, 11b Wardour News, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than 7 days before date of publication.**

## PERSONAL

**MAKE** new friends. Worldwide introductions through Europe's leading friendship club. Illustrated brochure free. Gay people ask for special information. Hermes, BOX 17/89, Berlin 11, Germany.

**OVERSEAS** ladies. Few British citizenships available. Absolutely legal. Phone 01 348 6955

**SEX** partners magazine for nice people. Meet sexy girls, groovy guys, kinky couples. Nationwide circulation. Send 30p in stamps/PO/cheque to J. Martin, 160 Oval Road, Easy Croydon, Surrey.

**GET** the gay magazine of the moment! Male International is especially designed to please those people who admire the young male nude. Male International costs £1.— or get "Gay Circle" a contact magazine for 50p. D. Griffin, 131 Richmond Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

**ADULT** service and correspondence. ZAK, 13 Trenwydd Ebbw Vale, Mon.

**BOOTS** legs, huge range at reasonable prices. SAE for lists, Vicky Moffert, Cecils Hall, North Gower Street, London W.11.

**FREE** lists are now available of our deleted and newly released LPs. These records are offered

to you at just £1.75 inc. postage, for further details send a large SAE to us at: Pan Records, 7 Cambridge Road, Hove 2, Sussex

**GREAT** figure models male/female wanted. Top rates. 994 2500 days.

**50p AN HOUR** tax free for selling only 3 of the third Alternative London per hour. Many sellers do twice that. 352 9467

**LUNE.** Lovers United Union of (Unemployed) Eccentrics. Qualifications to join: (1) lovers of the countryside and nature, (2) unemployed (as this is not always practical exceptions may be made) (3) anybody who feels that they can't stand on their own, need financial backing for projects, off the cuff ideas, etc., moral support, union, friendship, etc., in fact anybody who is generous in their ideas and needs support moral and financial. For further details, membership, moral support, please write to Lune c/o Paul Grayson Goodchild, Daffodil Cottage, Dunsmore, Bucks.

**WHITE—witchcraft.** Genuine female coven welcomes intelligent girls interested in traditional ceremonial magic. No orgies, drugs or strings. The real occult teaching. Interviews strictly confidential. BOX 135/1

**QUALIFIED** masseur/physiotherapist will give expert treatment to ladies and gentlemen. Patients visited. BOX 135/2

**SOME BUM** picked me jacket (rob sob) so the following are urgently wanted—Pink Fairies badge, Hawkwind badge, old beaten up Levi denim jacket 34" chest. Willing to pay a lot! Write to Lester, 9 Greenleaf Close, Tulse Hill, London SW2 (love and sympathy from IT, Lester)

**COSTUMED** waiter/stripper available for your party or privately. Write for full details to: Michael Jennings, 19 Newport Court, WC2

**YOUNG** man would like to meet my female or males interested in bondage and discipline who like myself are alone and need to meet

people with same interests. Perhaps start S&M movement. Similar to one in the Status. BOX 135/3

**BRITISH** citizenship offered by gay (19) £500 omo. Pate Jenkins, Flat 1, Claremont House, Biscombe, Devon.

**FRIENDLY** young masseurs give good relaxing massage at your place. Phone 994 2500 in 8pm

**GENTLE** happy girlfriend needed by creative professional man (40) seeking love, truth and peace. Someone slim (skinny), petite, undiluted, real and actually human. Bristol, or can travel. Please write to BOX 135/4

**GAY** male pics. SAE details or 30p details and samples. BOX 135/5

**ADOPT** a friend. South coast home, love and vaccinations needed for black Labrador pup (to 6 weeks old by September. Call Jackie at 229 5585

**GAY** nude chicken mags £1 (sizzling lists SAE) Johnny, BM1FBGH, WC1V 6XX

**YOUNG** amateur photographer seeks attractive young male models. Top rates paid. If interested please phone Bob any evening. 5 pm—6 pm 998 6480

**VIBRO** massage done privately by 35 year old male. Middlesex area or at your home. Phone evenings (81) 54779

**MAC** (Bob McMaisters) Prison Number 616760 Lancaster Prison. Mac will be released in September this year. He would like to find a chick/chicks/people to travel with down foreign roads. He doesn't want to stay in this country. Anybody interested write to him.

**MALE** physique studio. Send SAE for lists of mags/photos. MPS, 164a Boundary Road, London NW8

**SEX** TOYS, plus lots more! In our full

colour catalogue only 15p. Rowlands, 4 Roman Way, Dordon, Tamworth, Staffs.

**INABILITY** to communicate/relate, causing social/sexual frustrations, 29 year old Mike needs similar female, work it out slowly, 61 Verbury Road, N.19.

## MUSIC

**SEMI-ACOUSTIC** electric guitar/hard case £25 or swap for jumbo or car cassette player. 852 4980

**MUSICIANS** aged 16/18 interested in forming a band write or call round. Mark, 9 Springfield Road, Wimbledon SW19

**GUY** with guitar, seeks others that can or cannot play, for a bit of finger picking. If you think you might be interested write now for more info. D Martin, c/o 44 Earls Court Road, London W8

**NEW** jazz bass and telecaster with maple neck for sale. 659 3809 (Crystal Palace).

## TRAVEL

**Morocco.** Two week air/overland flying Aug 23rd £65. Single overland to Tangiers July 36th £15 inc. return Sept 6th. Details: Nomad Trail Expeditions, 85 Montpellier Terrace, Cheltenham, Glos. Phone 128 582 473

**FREE** holidays abroad if willing to work. SAE de alis. Health Agencies, 13 Heathwood Gardens, London SE7

**LOW** cost jet flights to Athens, Africa, Israel, India, Kabul, Middle East, Far East, USA, Canada, Ceylon, G.S. Enterprises, 01 580 3298/637 1971

## BUY/SELL

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